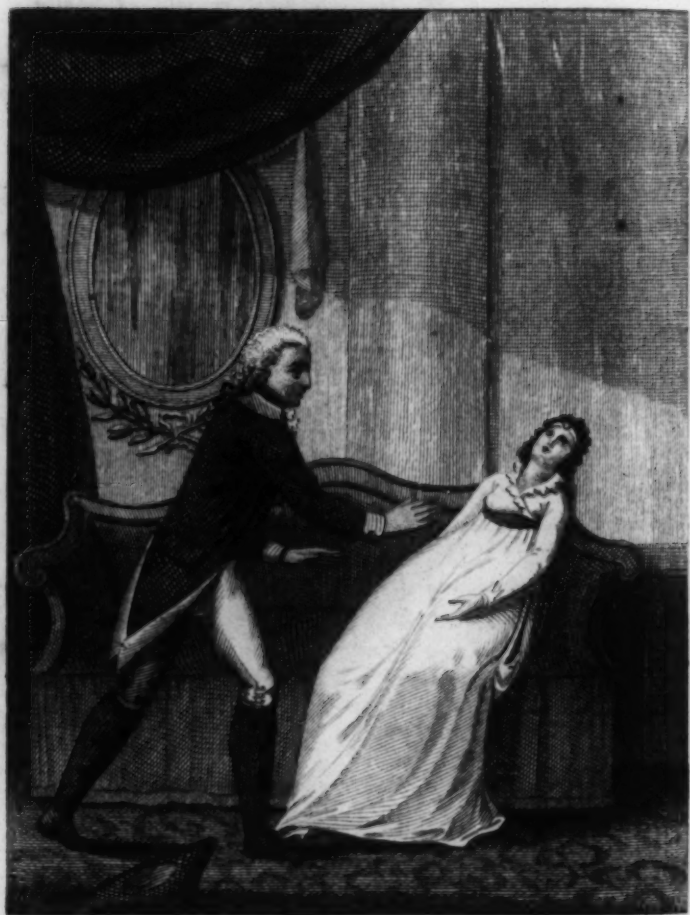




Nal del.

J King Sculp

"Oh! my brother!" exclaims Elinor, and fainted.

Page 37.

Published, February 1800, by A Nal, Sommers Town.

EL

PR

T

(2.)

THE
PENITENT DAUGHTER;
OR,
HISTORY
OF
ELINOR DE BURGH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

—“ Who is not satisfied with Repentance,
“ Is not of Heaven nor Earth!” SHAKESP.

Sommers Town:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY A. NEIL,
NO. 1, EVESHAM BUILDINGS.

Sold also by
T. HURST, NO. 32, PATERNOSTER ROW;
And all other Booksellers.

1800.

[Price One Shilling.]



*THE delu
misled the
true path of
the votaries
of misery!*

*The beau
passing thro
closing the e
had been a
the world,
lation in rel*

*Her stor
ever succeed
pathy heav
be attended
of female c
good order a*

PREFACE.

THE delusory promises of pleasure have but too often misled the youthful, thoughtless, and vain, from the true path of happiness. Delighted with sensual joys, the votaries of voluptuousness finally become the victims of misery!

The beautiful heroine of the following History, after passing through a variety of vicissitudes, and after closing the eyes of an affectionate parent, whose death had been accelerated by her imprudence, retires from the world, and secluded from temptation, finds consolation in religion.

Her story will convince the reader, that guilt is ever succeeded by sorrow; and while the bosom of sympathy heaves the sigh of commiseration, let this precept be attended to—That a just reverence for the dignity of female chastity, is essentially requisite to preserve good order and mutual confidence in society.

To AUTHORS, and the PUBLIC in general.

THE success which has hitherto attended the little Works issued from the Press of the Publisher, is, he presumes, the best proof of their merit; and being solicitous to deserve the patronage of a generous Public, he begs leave to inform **AUTHORS** and **TRANSLATORS**, that he will give the most liberal remuneration for such Translations, and small original Productions, as are calculated to entertain and instruct the Reader. He will, however, never presume to obtrude any publication on the Community, which might, in the smallest degree, tend to convey the contagion of immorality to the youthful heart; conscious that such an outrage against the happiness of society, would be unpardonable. In short, it shall be his study to procure such mental entertainment, as will insure the approbation and support of the lovers of elegant literature.

As the Publisher will spare no expence to furnish his readers with rational amusement, he trusts that not only the youthful part of the community, but even persons more advanced in life, will find his publications entitled to their attention; especially when they find that they may obtain, at a small expence, as much pleasing and useful information from these little pieces, as they would glean from more voluminous works.

And as he will continue to employ Designers and Engravers of the first celebrity, to aid his efforts, he also flatters himself that, with respect to plates, paper, and typography, his publications will not be deemed unworthy of a place in the best libraries.

✉ Personal applications, or Letters, addressed to the Publisher, (**A. NEIL**) No. 1, Evesham Buildings, **SOMMERS TOWN**, will meet with every attention.



AMON
involved i
mous Miss
and Mada
guished by
emplary vi

This ex
with the f
conforming
dained not



AMONG the unfortunate citizens who were involved in the calamities occasioned by the famous Mississippi scheme in France, were Monsieur and Madame De Burgh, once as much distinguished by their affluent situation as by their exemplary virtues.

This excellent pair retired to a remote village, with the slender remains of their fortune, and conforming to the sad reverse, M. De Burgh disdained not to submit to the lowest rural occupa-

B

tions :

tions : for, true philosophy teaches the good man to yield to unavoidable misfortune with dignity and resignation.

It was not for himself that he felt, but for a beloved wife ; apprehensive that her delicate mind could not reconcile itself to the severity of her situation.—Few know how to reflect with wisdom on this dream of life, and to render it as instructive as it is visionary. The fair sex, from the tenderness of their frame, bear calamity with much less fortitude than men. Madame De Burgh, indeed, adored her husband ; and to what trials will not love submit ! True tenderness, in its sacrifices, knows no bounds, and, in courage and heroism, often surpasses the noblest efforts of reason and of virtue.

This valuable woman was not devoid of a sweet philosophy, which taught her to conceal her tears from her husband ; nor did the maternal duties fail to alleviate her chagrin, and to reconcile her to humble mediocrity.

Her

Her w
cation of
ceived th
that was
the winn
and more
finest tra

A nob
happier
spectable
father, h
into the
self. Th
paternal
mated by
his excel

Young
for, all
daughter.
increasing
gant figu
and extre
city, yet

Her whole attention was devoted to the education of a son and daughter, of whom she conceived the most flattering hopes. ELINOR (for that was the name of the daughter) discovered the winning charms which every day open more and more ; and in her brother were perceived the finest traces of a manly and virtuous soul.

A nobleman, who had known M. De Burgh in happier days, came to the village where this respectable family resided. On discovering the father, he instantly offered to introduce his son into the army, and to take his fortune upon himself. This offer was too great to be resisted by paternal tenderness ; and the brave youth, animated by virtuous hope, hesitated not to leave his excellent parents and affectionate sister.

Young De Burgh having been thus provided for, all their cares were now devoted to their daughter. With a delighted eye, they beheld her increasing beauty and ripening virtues. An elegant figure, the sprightliness of unaffected wit, and extreme sensibility, eyes sparkling with vivacity, yet looking inexpressible tenderness ; in a word,

word, a certain sweet assemblage of graces, far superior to beauty, presented but a faint idea of the captivating Elinor; who, on her part, failed not to reward the affection of her parents with all the amiable attentions of filial piety.

But M. De Burgh was still to know severer trials. An oppressive law-suit completed the ruin of his fortune! Yet, the unhappy pair, in proportion as their calamities increased, seemed to possess a nobler elevation of soul, supported by those sentiments of religion, which afford unshaken consolation. They soothed each other with unceasing kindness, and for a few moments could even forget their misery; but when they beheld their daughter, a thousand apprehensions for her welfare incessantly tormented them.

A relation of Madame De Burgh, who resided at Paris, having been informed of their deplorable situation, pressed them to send their daughter to her. After a variety of severe conflicts and resolutions, the hope that it would be of important advantage to their Elinor, induced them to consent to the proposal.

They

They
separation
som. T
my best
will I le
of virtue
under th
can be
will subm
to lighten
I be redu
can but b
intreat th
in the day
to tell yo
happiness,

" Oh, I
" it is yo
separation.
Our dear
the severi
relation, i
this idea v
resignation

They are now near the moment of this cruel separation ! They press their child to their bosom. They cannot speak ; they weep. " No, my best of parents," exclaims Elinor, " never will I leave you ! I owe my life, I owe the love of virtue to you ; and it is my duty to support you under the weight of misfortunes. No situation can be disgraceful, if unfulfilled by vice ; and I will submit without reluctance to every hardship, to lighten the woes of my beloved parents. Must I be reduced to servitude ? I will fly to it, if I can but be of the least assistance to you. I will intreat them to let me steal only a few moments in the day to see you—to weep on your bosom—to tell you that your daughter knows no other happiness, but that of living where you are."

" Oh, my daughter !" said Madame De Burgh, " it is your tenderness only that embitters this separation. Heaven begins to smile upon us !—Our dear child, at least, will be delivered from the severity of our fate. She will be with our relation, in a situation suitable to her birth. In this idea we shall bear our sorrows with more resignation ; we shall be happy in being assured that

3

that you always love us."—"Ah! my dearest mother," interrupted Elinor, "think you that your daughter can ever forget you? If I leave you, it will be only with the hope that I shall yet be useful to you.—Oh! my beloved parents, what happiness will be mine, if my new situation enable me to wipe away your tears, to evince my duty, my gratitude, my love!"

The moment arrives! Madame De Burgh now assumes a firmer tone.—"Never forget, my Elinor," said she, "the lessons of a mother, to whom you will be ever dear. Remember, that virtue is more inestimable than riches, and even than life itself.—Oh!" continued the tender mother, all in tears, "much sooner would I hear of your death than your dishonour. My dearest daughter, our lives must have a period, but infamy is everlasting. Alas! the world is full of seduction, and deviation is but too easy. Let us earnestly hope that our examples will be ever before you."

They now lead their daughter to the coach; again give her the most affectionate advice, the
tendereft

tendereft
solved in

An ag
panied M
retreat.
Sacrificing
she hesitat
master and
did they u
senting th
"What,
weeping,
not want
to gain m
No, I wil

Monfieur
tears, em
only respe
present at
of Madam
mistress.
and to see

tenderest caresses, and return to their house, dissolved in all the bitterness of grief.

An aged domestic, named Clara, had accompanied Monsieur and Madame De Burgh to their retreat. Her heart ennobled her lowly station. Sacrificing her interest to an uncommon virtue, she hesitated not to follow the hard fortunes of a master and mistress whom she loved. In vain did they urge her to seek another place, representing that they could not even maintain her.—“What, then?” answered the worthy woman, weeping, “I will work elsewhere, when you do not want me; I will steal from the hours of sleep to gain my living; and very little will suffice.—No, I will never leave you.”

Monsieur and Madame De Burgh, melting into tears, embraced Clara; who, in return, would only respectfully kiss their hands. Having been present at the birth of Elinor, she felt all the grief of Madame De Burgh for the loss of her young mistress. She was charged to accompany Elinor, and to see her safe under the roof of the relation,
who

who had continued unceasingly to solicit her arrival.

They arrive at the house of Madame De Clairant, (for that was the name of this relation.)—Clara, mingling her tears with those of Elinor, left her, making a thousand protestations of unalterable affection for her parents.

Madame De Clairant was a widow, with a competent fortune. She was passionately fond of the world; and without an understanding to recollect the duties of her age and situation, she had reached her fiftieth year, and was ever seen in the circles of the young and gay—acting, as it were, from a kind of instinct, blind to the future, and with scarcely discernment enough for the moment.—This was the woman with whom Elinor was to reside.

Madame De Burgh, indeed, knew little more of her relation than by name. The observations of Clara, notwithstanding her simplicity, were certainly calculated to alarm her mistress; but the

the virtuo
thus they
are fatal

The ec
rent; for
the duties
her sixteen
ceed to fi
feldom li
Her char
most fed
ments, d
failed her
disgust.

Elinor
the theat
circle.
the most
a variety
avourite
Her hear
fine colo
Yet still

the virtuous and good do not easily suspect; and thus they subject themselves to errors, which often are fatal to their peace.

The education of Elinor was now very different; for never did her new friends converse on the duties and the rewards of virtue. She was in her sixteenth year. Self admiration began to succeed to filial affection, that sweet sentiment, which seldom lives in a perpetual round of pleasure.— Her charms were continually the theme of the most seductive flattery. Extravagant compliments, devoid of sense and truth, incessantly assailed her ears, and in time were heard without disgust.

Elinor accompanied Madame De Clairant to the theatre, to the public walks, and into every circle. In these scenes of dissipation, she heard the most pernicious discourses, which, repeated in a variety of forms, all tended to establish the favourite maxims of free-thinkers and libertines. Her heart was now a picture, from which the fine colouring of virtue gradually faded away.— Yet still she would fain observe the excellent les-

sons she had imbibed from her parents : but to be sixteen, to be adored, yet not in the elevated situation that can command the elegancies of dress, was too much for a heart in which vanity was predominant.

In this variety of parties, Elinor attached herself to a Madame De Sauval, who, in the sequel, hurried into vice a heart which had not entirely forgotten the early sentiments of innocence.

Madame De Sauval affected an openness of manners ; yet in duplicity and falsehood she was intrepid and unsubmitting. - She could enter into the minutest particulars of an affair with a semblance of concern and sensibility, which she could command on all occasions ; for cunning is the peculiar talent of weak and little minds. A woman of this character had no difficulty in forming the closest intimacy with the weak Madame De Clairant.

Elinor was delighted to have a friend to whom she could entrust the secrets of her heart ; for these intimacies appear to unthinking youth in
the

the attraction
at this time
The need
object, in
and misf
it meets.

But w
to be her
what pu
person in
against t
of the w
discovery
pleasure
Interest,
to arm c
innocenc
mere de
De Sau
Elinor.

The c
bition to
every ag

the attractive forms of friendship. Sensibility, at this tender age, abandons itself to inexperience. The necessity of directing the affections to some object, is not the most trivial cause of its errors and misfortunes; it attaches itself to every object it meets.

But was it not enough for Madame De Sauval to be herself disgraced in the public opinion? To what purpose could she wish to involve a young person in the same infamy, who was yet struggling against the ascendancy of vice?—Were the hearts of the wicked but exposed to view, we should discover, with horror, that they have a detestable pleasure in increasing the number of the guilty! Interest, moreover, is another powerful motive to arm corruption, grown hoary in guilt, against innocence and youth; and, in fact, it was not a mere depravity of morals that induced Madame De Sauval to plot the fall of the unsuspecting Elinor.

The coquetry of this young creature, her ambition to shine in the circle, and to captivate every age, did not escape the penetrating view of
this

this abandoned woman. Elinor heard her incessantly exclaim, "What a beautiful shape!—But what an odious gown!—Why, child, dress is our very life, and you should display your charms to advantage, by the elegance of your taste.—Ah! were I but of your age, I should know how to improve them. By what silly prejudices are people governed! But when once we begin to think for ourselves, we shall pay little attention to the opinion of the world. It is poverty only that is the object of contempt.—Some marks of complaisance," added this intriguing woman, "for a gentleman who merits my esteem, and who intends to espouse me, have now changed my situation. From that moment, I have begun to live. I have a house, I have dress, I have jewels, and jewels are the magic of beauty."

Elinor profoundly sighed. "I will not conceal it," resumed Madame De Sauval, whom the sigh did not escape, "but in your situation, I should be decided. What do you expect from your aunt? She has but little fortune, nor is she immortal. Elinor, beautiful as you are, and with your birth, would you degrade yourself to
the

the most
man?"

At th
emotion
before fl
the mea
her mor

The
this hum
gon of v
They w
young p
of under
and ease
those pr
mankind
sentimen
to contr
The onl
and plea
the cont
But in

the most humiliating employment of a lady's woman?"

At this question, Elinor could not conceal some emotions of indignation: the same Elinor, who, before she left her parents, would have embraced the meanest occupation with joy, if the purity of her morals had required the sacrifice.

The artful advocate of vice now added, "In this humble station, though you should be a paragon of virtue, the world will never believe it.—They will think it impossible that an unfortunate young person, who is handsome, can be so void of understanding, as to prefer misery to affluence and ease. Do not fancy that your books, and those pretended good people, the pedagogues of mankind, utter one word of truth. Their fine sentiments are merely to display their talents, and to contradict established opinions with ostentation. The only pursuit of sensible people is affluence and pleasure. I know all the fine reflections to the contrary. They are, doubtless, admirable! But in the warmth of my friendship for you,

5 my

my dear girl, I must point out the real, not the imaginary good."

"How!" exclaims Elinor, "Shall I be wanting to my family—to honour!"—"Charmingly said, my child," replied Madame De Sauval. "I have indulged myself in such fine declamations before you. I have had my family, my honour, and my morals too, quite like other folks! My dear Elinor, at your age one is very romantic.—Sentiment is the idol of inexperienced hearts, the gay chimera that enraptures and deceives; but we must resort to the safer lessons of experience. One is not always young, my sweet friend; our years insensibly steal away; repentance appears in the train of misfortune; and our folly is irreparable. To have neglected the brightest moments of life, and to be abandoned to unavailing regret, what a sad situation is this!—But perhaps you have not rightly understood me. In all the occurrences of life, there are some delicate attentions to be observed—a certain manner of keeping well with the world—the great art of saving appearances. Give me your hand, my dear friend.

friend. I
lable. Y
you. W
to you wi
every thin
as well as

These i
effect. E
Madame L
to some p
solicitation
again, an
cretly lam
her glass,
to her per

It was
conversati
had seen I
fionately f
ficulty to
rest. Eli
instrumen

friend. Remember, that our secrecy is inviolable. You see what proofs of tenderness I give you. Were you my own child, I could not speak to you with more frankness and affection. Leave every thing to me. I will make you the happiest as well as the loveliest of women."

These insidious conversations were not without effect. Elinor at first started at the picture which Madame De Sauval presented. This is natural to some persons, while yet unvanquished by the solicitations of vice. Elinor views the picture again, and views it with less aversion. She secretly laments her narrow circumstances, runs to her glass, contemplates her charms, and returns to her perfidious adviser.

It was not without design that these seductive conversations were pursued. A man of gallantry had seen Elinor in the public walks, and was passionately smitten with her. He had but little difficulty to engage Madame De Sauval in his interest. Elinor spent whole days with that wretched instrument of guilt. The same conversations passed,

passed, the same allurements were displayed, and every day was Elinor become less virtuous.

Accident brought the Marquis De Germuil into the presence of Elinor, as one of the parties of Madame De Sauval. One may easily divine the character of the Marquis, and that no event was ever more concerted than this accident. He was one of those contemptible beings, who pride themselves in the ruin of the sex; and he had already involved a variety of females in calamity and disgrace. The name of Elinor was yet wanting to his triumph. He is some moments alone with her. He employs all the arts of seduction; and from the mouth of Elinor he at length hears the tender confession that he was not indifferent to her. But this adept in vice presumes not too much on his success; sensible that virtue must be weakened by imperceptible degrees.

In the mean time, Elinor could not banish the recollection of her virtuous parents; and she would often ruminate on the delightful hours of infancy. She was sensible that her innocence
was

was unimpaired
tenderness

The greatest
tears, into
odious w
from whic
She dwell
that of th
reminded
sure were

Madame
slightest
connectio
from com
nourable
she was
plotted th

An el
villa near
where v
nating fo
or delica

was unimpaired, and that she was yielding to the tenderness of a man she already loved. *

The guilty De Sauval sometimes found her in tears, intending to write to her parents. This odious woman involved her again in the toils, from which she would fain have disengaged herself. She dwelt on the brilliancy of such a conquest as that of the Marquis De Germuil; and continually reminded her, that, at her age, fortune and pleasure were the only objects of attention.

Madame De Clairant had not admitted the slightest apprehension on account of Elinor's connection with Madame De Sauval; and so far from considering that the Marquis had any dishonourable intentions in his daily visits at her house, she was innocently of every party where they plotted the ruin of her niece.

An elegant supper is prepared for them, at a villa near Paris, one of those delightful retreats, where vice displays her charms in the most fascinating forms. Whatever affluence could afford, or delicacy of taste suggest, was lavished here in

all the varieties of allurements; and the unfortunate Elinor, involved, as it were, in one continual surprise, seemed incapable of reflection.

The perfidious De Sauval had contrived to take Madame De Clairant aside.—In a word, after a variety of conflicts, forgetting every thing that was dear to her, the daughter of the venerable Monsieur De Burgh became the mistress of the most worthless of men.

The virtue of Elinor was vanquished; but the recollection of virtue still remained. A soft voice incessantly reproached her with having injured her parents, and degraded herself: but this voice was soon lost in the gaities of the world, which seemed to vie in anticipating all her wishes. Besides, she loved the Marquis, and imagined she was beloved by him; resembling those sick persons who, struck by an oppressive lethargy, have just strength enough to open their eyes for a moment, and shut them again for ever.

The infamy of Julia could not long be concealed from Madame De Clairant, who with anguish

guish felt
She faint
quis with
repeated
make an

Madame
vinced b
breaking
was wea
her niec
contenti
keep her
particula
till the r
could ju

Elinor
rents; a
warmed
In vain
quis to f
that Mo
informed
ter, she

guish felt her own shame in that of her niece.— She fainted, she wept, and reproached the Marquis with his dishonourable conduct. The latter repeatedly promised that their marriage should make an ample reparation.

Madame De Clairant suffered herself to be convinced by these assurances. Instead of instantly breaking with the Marquis, this woman, who was weakness itself, accompanied the seducer of her niece to new parties and new entertainments ; contenting herself to recommend it to Elinor to keep her misfortune as secret as possible, and, in particular, to be silent with respect to her family, till the moment when an honourable engagement could justify her to her parents.

Elinor had now forgotten those excellent parents ; and love alone reigned in a heart, once warmed by all the tenderness of filial affection. In vain did Madame De Clairant urge the Marquis to fulfil his promise. Apprehensive, at length, that Monsieur and Madame De Burgh might be informed of the wretched situation of their daughter, she determined to write to them, stating that
her

her niece had fallen a victim to a fever; persuading herself that the Marquis would yet act with honour, and that she could then have the satisfaction of contradicting this distressing news.

Confined to the corner of a remote province, it was no wonder that this worthy pair gave credit to the deception. They wept with Clara, that faithful servant, who was now their only friend; and, torn with unutterable anguish, nothing detained their last sigh, but the hope of seeing their son again. The letters they received from him were replete with tenderness, and flattered them the more, as his conduct, for bravery and professional knowledge, was a perfect example to the military.

An extreme chagrin began now to prey upon Madame De Clairant; who, notwithstanding her shameful weakness, perceived too late that the Marquis had deceived her. In vain she represented to Elinor the fatal consequences of her conduct. The vile De Sauval was her only confidant; whose conversation and example tended every day to involve her in deeper depravity.

At

At le
rant fel
She ret
very mu
increase
making
niece;
got ther

Elinor
virtue;
his vani
mistress
nity alo
tenderne
doned he

Elinor
perience
or chang
She perc
be, the v
ments in
her) and
but his d

At length, the unfortunate Madame De Clairant fell a sacrifice to unbounded dissipation.—She retired one evening from an elegant supper very much disordered. Her indisposition rapidly increased, and she died in the very moment of making some unavailing remonstrances to her niece; who soon wiped away her tears, and forgot them all.

Elinor was now lost to every sentiment of virtue; and the Marquis, impatient to gratify his vanity, by proclaiming his conquest, led his mistress from one diversion to another. But vanity alone attached him to her. Incapable of tenderness, he soon conceived disgust, and abandoned her for a new conquest!

Elinor had sincerely loved her seducer. Inexperienced as she was, she had no idea of infidelity or change. But the gaudy illusion had vanished. She perceived that she was not, nor never could be, the wife of the Marquis, (for there were moments in which she had suffered this idea to seize her) and with anguish she found, that she was but his despicable mistress—a ruined and dishonoured

noured woman!—She now began to feel that remorse, which she had so long endeavoured to banish from her heart; for misfortune, when every thing else is unavailing, will sometimes lead us back to virtue.

But the base De Sauval will not leave her to the consequence of such reflections.

She runs to her desponding, half-repenting friend; and while she wipes away her tears, endeavours, in the same moment, to suppress the struggling efforts of returning virtue. Her beauty is again the flattering theme; she arms her vanity against repentance, and once more too fatally succeeds.

They go to the play. Madame De Sauval points out to her-pupil one of those wretched women, covered at once with public infamy and jewels. “Do not you see that haughty hussy?” says she. “With what effrontery she places herself there, as if on purpose to insult you, and crush you with her diamonds!”

With

With
sparks of
presented
stand that
upon the
who affect
fumed to

Duval
fortune,
bought v
being the
The infam
and her p
all around

Corrup
which E
to be sati
inseparab
infused th
then that
never cea
culate.
terrogate

With such conversations, she again kindled the sparks of vanity ; and improving the moments, presented Duval to Elinor, giving her to understand that she ought absolutely to revenge herself upon the Marquis, and on those insolent women, who affected more eclat than herself, and had presumed to rival her.

Duval was one of those wealthy favourites of fortune, who imagine that every thing is to be bought with gold. He purchased the merit of being the avenger of Elinor, at the highest price. The infamous De Sauval presided at the treaty, and her pupil, loaded with diamonds, now eclipsed all around her.

Corruption could sink no lower !—The passion which Elinor indulged for dress and show began to be satiated ; and that languor and disgust, so inseparable from splendor and false felicity, now infused their black poison into her soul. It was then that the still voice of conscience, which had never ceased to murmur, began to be more articulate. Elinor even assumes the courage to interrogate herself : but in vain she demands what
is

is become of that Elinor, who had been educated in the bosom of virtue?—She often surprises herself in tears; and the moment is approaching, when she is to break from the lethargy of vice! A singular accident tends to accelerate this happy change.

While Elinor was one evening at the opera, she overheard a conversation between two young gentlemen in an adjoining box.—“Is she not exquisitely beautiful?” said one. “Why am I not Monsieur Duval? for this sort of women are only to be gained by money.”

“This sort of women!”—How severely did this expression affect the unfortunate Mademoiselle De Burgh!—“Certainly,” answered the other, “there is not a lovelier creature here. But, ah! my friend, must such charms conceal a vicious soul? Who can think of offering his hand to such a person? There can be no real tenderness in a bosom devoid of modesty. A woman that has preserved her honour, in the most abject situation, is infinitely superior to this.”

The

The
his vener
wounded
that part
times aff
sensibly
voured o

She r
guish, a
tears.—
course v
fate!” f
the num
without
never hi
than this
I am fa
had alrea
is not a
love—w
O, my
sullied e
Where
Perhaps

The observation of the young stranger bespoke his veneration for virtue, and the more sensibly wounded the unhappy Elinor, as she began to feel that partiality for him, with which we are sometimes affected in spite of ourselves, and which insensibly renders us desirous of pleasing the favoured object.

She returned to her house in unspeakable anguish, and when alone, gave way to a flood of tears.—It was now that she beheld her guilty course with horror. “How wretched is my fate!” she exclaimed. “And am I, indeed, in the number of those shameless women who live without honour! All this parade of finery can never hide my infamy from me. Could no other than this young stranger observe to what a depth I am fallen?—He whose engaging countenance had already won upon my heart!—Alas! there is not a person in the world—not one, who can love—who can esteem—who can pity me!—O, my dear parents! from you I received an unfulfilled education; and you have I dishonoured! Where is now my former sanctity of manners? Perhaps at this moment you are lamenting my
8 E death.

death. Ah! my excellent mother, my dear venerable father, if you knew that I am still in being, you would rather weep that I still live.—O, my brother! and are you living, to be a witness of my shame! Can you acknowledge your wretched sister?—But what are relations now to me—unhappy, guilty creature that I am!”

In these moments of insupportable reflection, Madame De Sauval again appeared; but with what different eyes did Elinor now behold her! She would not suffer her to speak. She broke from her immediately, reproaching her with the severest expressions that returning virtue could dictate.

Fain would Elinor now write to her family; but the pen falls from her hand. To implore the forgiveness of her parents, would be to declare her guilty conduct, while they believed her to be no more. “Ah!” said Elinor, “will it not be better for those dear parents, and for myself, that they still imagine me with the dead? And, alas! why do I yet live? In the grave
alone

alone ca
sues me

The
fible eff
“like t
mask ch
the som
lover,
flutter m
of this
too wel
ing her
have ex
able to
noble de
yet atta

One
lancholy
lery, in
officer
always
Since yo
admirab

alone can I save myself from the shame that pursues me."

The continued agitation of her mind had a visible effect on the health of Elinor. Anguish, "like the worm in the bud, preyed on her damask cheek," and clouded her charming face with the sombre tints of melancholy. In vain her lover, her admirers, the gay attendants that flutter round a fine woman, demanded the reason of this sudden change. Elinor knew the world too well to avow the cause. So far from rendering her the object of pity and esteem, it would have exposed her to absolute ridicule; and to be able to stem the torrent of ridicule, was that noble degree of penitence to which Elinor had not yet attained.

One of her gay admirers, observing this melancholy turn, accosted her with an air of railery, introducing, at the same time, a young officer of the most engaging aspect—"What! always in this dismal mood, my charmer?—Since you are so fond of preaching, I have an admirable companion for you. Monsieur Dumont,

mont, whom I have the honour to present to you, has been long impatient to die at your feet. He is a philosopher, I can assure you, although I do not believe his heart invulnerable."

With what astonishment did Elinor perceive that this was the young man who, at the opera, had held that conversation with his friend, which had made such a sensible impression upon her!—She would fain have assumed an easy air, and revenged herself for the contemptuous expressions of Dumont, by treating him with a forbidding coldness. But her heart was now sensible to emotions, which, till this moment, she had never felt. It was a sweet sensation of tenderness, that affected her whole soul—an inexpressible something, more imperious, perhaps, than the impetuous voice of love!

Their emotions were reciprocal. Dumont accosted Elinor with that timidity so flattering to the sex. But the conversation was uninteresting—such as one may imagine at a first interview, when the heart revolves a thousand ideas, and the tongue can utter nothing.

The

The
officer e
But the
conversa
of virtuo
nor with
tears di
(strange
that had

Elinor
ing refl
whole c
she hea
them w
In thef
was dis
tremble

Dun
retired
stay.
my dis
she loc

The intimacy between Elinor and the young officer every day assumed a more interesting aspect. But the former did not fail to discover, that in every conversation Dumont artfully introduced the eulogy of virtue, which seemed indirectly to reproach Elinor with her unhappy deviation from it. What tears did she shed when again alone! And yet, (strange situation!) she could not hate the hand that had thus wounded her to the heart.

Elinor, one day, was plunged in those mortifying reflections which presented to her view the whole enormity of her conduct. She imagined that she heard the lamentations of her family; she saw them weep—she was insupportable to herself!—In these gloomy moments, Dumont appeared. She was disconcerted; she could not meet his eye; she trembled.

Dumont perceiving her agitation, would have retired. “No,” said Elinor, “I entreat you to stay. Your presence may perhaps tend to soothe my distress.”—She could not proceed; nor could she look on Dumont, who, on his part, was not

under less embarrassment; and each remained some time incapable of utterance!—Dumont was the first who broke that silence, which is the liveliest expression of the heart. “Is it possible, Madam,” said he, that you have griefs, which it may be in my power to alleviate? My own emotions too well inform you of what passes in my heart. It is filled with you alone. You have inspired me with the tenderest, the most delicate regard.”—“Sir,” interrupted Elinor, “your ideas of me are greatly changed.” “How, Madam?” “When you saw me at the opera,” replied she, “your observations to your friend—” Dumont did not permit her to proceed. “I see, Madam,” said he, “that you overheard me. I will not deceive you by a falsehood. But read my heart. The first moment I saw you was sufficient to assure your empire over me. Such various charms extorted the sincerest homage. Pardon a transport I am unable to suppress: I am exasperated against fate, that, to such an assemblage of perfections, it has not joined—You weep, Madam!” “Yes, Sir,” replied Elinor, “I feel that I possess nothing. Yet I once was virtuous. Grief, shame, infamy, will be mine

for

for ever
despise,
hate you
rors—
never c
thus dr
ance, a
may I
you—
adorabl
virtue.”

“Al
mable v
my ear
parents
unwort
It is ne
my wro
all the
every t
become
proach
Let not

for ever. Ah! you have had reason, indeed, to despise, to hate me." "Despise you, Madam! hate you! Since you can be sensible of your errors——" "Rather say my crimes, Sir. Alas! never can I expiate them." "O, Madam, do not thus dread contempt: your heart is open to repentance, and that will entitle you to esteem. But may I be permitted to ask by what fatality have you——With a soul so noble and susceptible, the adorable Elinor was formed to be the model of virtue."

"Ah, Sir," replied she, "I know the inestimable value of virtue. I had only to continue in my earlier paths, traced out for me by the best of parents. But youth, example, a friend, a most unworthy friend, all have concurred to seduce me! It is now some time, Sir, that I have lamented my wretched fate, in secret. Dress, gaiety, and all the pleasures of the world, now disgust me; every thing, indeed, but your presence, which is become necessary to me, although it seems to reproach me with my guilt. Reproach me still, Sir. Let not your tenderness be apprehensive of my sensibility;

fibility; but shew me to myself, guilty as I am, without disguise; nor conceal from me to what depth of wretchedness I am fallen. You cannot distress me, you cannot punish me too much. I am degraded in every eye, I am undone for ever!" "O, Madam," said Dumont, "let me repeat it again, this noble return to virtue must restore you to public esteem and your own. You are not the only one that has fallen a victim to seduction.—Many a family now lament the ruin of young persons, from whose birth and education far different hopes had been entertained."

At these words, Elinor sighed. "Ah! Sir," said she, "that is the fatal circumstance which heightens the anguish of my heart. I have a family, a very respectable family, whom I have dishonoured—my parents." "You must see them again, Madam; humble yourself before them; and return to that virtue you have forsaken. You will give it new charms." "And do you think my grief, my remorse, can ever procure my pardon from those virtuous parents?" "Do not doubt it, Madam," said he; "and be assured such noble

noble fen
that my
have a f
can neve
life has a
thither b
father, w
cover he
she lives
added he
to chang
not your
what, w
my broth
the Fron

Dum
and thro
ther," f
sister, w
last sigh
witnesses
ments, a
ther, I

noble sentiments will yet win every heart. Oh! that my sister did but think like you!" "You have a sister, then?" "Yes, Madam, whom I can never think of without anguish. Her guilty life has already sent my mother to the grave, and thither hastens apace an unfortunate old man, my father, who, ever since, without being able to discover her, has known that she still lives, and that she lives to dishonour us. She has obliged me," added he, bursting into tears, "she has obliged me to change my name."——"Dumont, then, is not your name!" "No, Madam." "My God! what, what is your name?" "De Burgh." "O, my brother!" exclaims Elinor, and fainted. [*See the Frontispiece.*]

Dumont was thunderstruck. Elinor recovering, and throwing herself at his feet, "Yes, my brother," said she, "you see this guilty, wretched sister, whose only hope is now in death, and whose last sigh will be for you and virtue. I detest these witnesses of my shame,"—tearing away her ornaments, and throwing them from her. "My brother, I can no longer merit the name of sister;

but if you love me not, at least you shall pity me. I will go and embrace the lowest situation."

Dumont, clasping her in his arms, and weeping with her, could only utter, "Oh, my sister!"—"Ah! do you still call me sister, too generous brother? But speak—my dear parents. I shudder at their very name. I see, I see them reproaching me. And have I been the death of my dear mother? O, my brother, I am not worthy of you. I will die, I will die here at your feet!"

Dumont lifting her up, and regarding her with a look of tenderness and compassion, "I have said, my sister, that repentance can atone for guilt.—Come, let me lead you to the bed of your unfortunate father."—"What do you say? my father!"—"Yes; he has not long to live. They had been informed of what we must forget. My poor mother died of grief, and my father came to Paris, to inform himself—to die in your arms, my sister. Do not abandon yourself to despair. He will yet see you—he will forgive, he will love you."

Each

Each remained locked in the other's embrace, weeping bitterly. Their tears for some time rendered them incapable of speaking. Elinor, at length, found utterance. "You shall see, my brother," said she, "that I will yet be worthy of you.—Why did I ever enter this fatal city? Oh, my wretched aunt! cannot I give back your perfidious favours, and return to that poverty which was once my pride!"

Elinor now leaves her brother. She dismisses her servants, sells her furniture, assumes the plainest dress, and hastens back to Dumont. "I have some money," said she, "my father may want it." "Let me propose," answered her brother, with some emotion, "that it be given to the poor.—May it expiate—" "Stop, my brother, am I not sufficiently humbled? Your delicacy is but too just. I was apprehensive that my father—" "While "I have a drop of blood in my veins," replied Dumont, raising his voice, "I will sell it for my father; but you would wound him if—" "Say no more. I know that I am a wretched creature, degraded from the rights of humanity. I cannot die

die too soon. My brother, wound me not deeper yet—I have not long to live. But how will my father receive me?" "With tenderness, as his daughter," replied Dumont.

At this instant, an ecclesiastic entered the apartment.—“I have at last found you, Madam,” said he: “I entreat you to follow me; you and Monsieur your brother. There is not a moment to lose. You will restore peace to a troubled mind.” Elinor and her brother yield to his entreaties. The good priest leads them to a coach. They alight at the extremity of one of the suburbs; they ascend a gloomy stair-case, and enter a garret, where every thing appeared the picture of woe. A dying voice was heard, “Ah! Madam, blessed be God, that before I expire, I can implore your pardon.—See, Sir,” continued the dying person, turning to the priest, “see virtue itself, which I have corrupted by my abominable arts.”

“Madame De Sauval!” exclaimed Elinor, “in what a situation!”—“Yes, Madam, I am that wretch who plunged you into an abyss of vice. I have

have re
dreadfu
my dep
years sp
day of
against
your br
to that
had to
vengea
hope fr
rejecte

The
and spo
and ev
creatur
tention
then ra
pushed
me!”
see the
See! t
whithe

have received my punishment in this world, the dreadful forerunner of eternal anguish. You see my deplorable poverty. It is all the fruit of fifty years spent in criminal intrigues. There is not a day of my life that will not rise up in judgment against me! I knew, Madam, that you had found your brother, and that you had returned to virtue, to that God who punishes me, and from whom I had torn you. Your penitence will disarm his vengeance; but, ah! wretched me! what can I hope from his mercy! Pardon is not for me. I am rejected, I am cut off for ever!"

The charitable priest endeavoured to console her, and spoke of a merciful God, infinite in goodness, and ever ready to hear the cries of his penitent creatures. Madame De Sauval heard him with attention, and kissed the crucifix with transport; then raging again, with all the fury of despair, pushed it away:—"He cannot, he cannot pardon me!" she exclaimed. "I hear my sentence!—I see the gulph—it opens, it swallows me up!—See! they drag me!—Where will you hide me? whither shall I flee?"

The wretched woman, all pale, trembling, and distracted, sprang towards Elinor, who, compassionating her extreme misery, could now see only the unfortunate woman in the perfidious friend who had seduced her. She wept over the dying sinner. "Do not you see him!" exclaimed the terrified De Sauval. "Compose yourself," said Elinor; "recollect me. I am deeply affected at your misery, and would do any thing to mitigate it."—"Ah! is it you, Madam—you whom I would have ruined with myself?" Then turning to Dumont, "Sir, in this dying moment, I declare that I alone am guilty; I practised every art to tear your sister from her family, from virtue, and from that religion, the power of which I now severely feel."

"Speak not of our crimes," interrupted the weeping Elinor; "let us think only of appeasing the wrath of Heaven. Alas! had I been as virtuous as you imagine, I should never have deviated from the paths into which an irreproachable family had led me." Then, instantly falling on her knees, "O, my God," said she, "here I implore our pardon. We have each sinned against thee.

O, hear

O, he
Madam
us. C
availing

The
ment a
be mor
the pri
bathed
dressing
which

Dum
my br
enough
should
stored
from h

Mad
The h
counte
over h

O, hear our supplications. Join your prayers, Madam, to mine. Heaven will have mercy on us. Our remorse, our anguish, will not be unavailing."

The priest and Dumont stood in silent astonishment at this moving scene. What, indeed, could be more affecting, than to see a young person, in the pride of beauty, penetrated with remorse, all bathed in tears, and in the deepest humiliation, addressing herself to Heaven with that fervor, of which the world can have no conception!

Dumont would have raised his sister. "No, my brother," said she; "I can never shed tears enough. The daughter of Monsieur De Burgh should have served for an example, and have restored those to virtue who had unfortunately strayed from her paths."

Madame De Sauval relapses into her terrors.—The horrors of death are already imprinted on her countenance. The priest sprinkles the holy water over her. Her agitations increase. Her hair
stands

stands erect. She exclaims, "Save me, save me! I burn; the flames devour me!—O God! thou hast condemned me; I roll in the gulph: O, help me!" and with these words, the wretched votary of vice expires.

"Oh, my God!" said Dumont, "and is this the end of vice? What terror and despair attend its last moments! How unlike the death of the righteous! With what cheerfulness and serenity the good man gives up his soul, as a deposit which Heaven had entrusted to him! By the dreadful scene, my sister, to which we have been witness, we may estimate the happiness of the rich and gay, who boast of uninterrupted prosperity, and whom we often unwisely envy. What thinking person would desire fifty years of a life, in which riches and pleasure had infused every charm, to be terminated by such a death as this? And though the wicked should receive no other punishment than the continual anxiety inseparable from their existence, who would not prefer the sweets of a good conscience, and a virtuous poverty, to all the splendors of their momentary career?"

They

The
at the
was a f
ment,
Dumon
but he
while."
self at
sister, b
recalling
tion."
my gui
ment o
appreh
nor, ar

The
leaving
would
ful Clar
to Mon
vice, an
you, M
nor was
situation

They now leave this scene of woe, and arrive at the lodging of Monsieur De Burgh. There was a small chamber at the entrance of the apartment, where the venerable old man was laid.—Dumont enters. Elinor would have followed him, but he stops her: “My sister, stay here a little while.” “What, delay a moment to throw myself at my father’s feet!” “You shall see him, sister, but you may conceive—spare me the pain of recalling—this interview requires some preparation.” “Ah!” said Elinor, “now I see to what my guilt has reduced me! A child to delay the moment of appearing before her father’s eye, to be apprehensive of offending it! Ah! wretched Elinor, art thou not miserable enough!”

The door is opened. Elinor perceives a person leaving the apartment. She screamed out, and would fain hide her face. It was Clara, the faithful Clara, who had attached herself, more than ever, to Monf. De Burgh, who wished to die in his service, and had once seen Elinor virtuous. “Is it you, Madam!” she exclaimed. The unhappy Elinor was overwhelmed with the consciousness of her situation. “Yes, Clara,” she answered, “it is I,

who dare not look you in the face. Oh! how your presence humbles me! Your life has been unfulfilled—" She had not strength to proceed.— Clara threw her arms around Elinor's neck, and wept profusely. "O, my child, my child!" said she, "forgive this emotion. How much have you grieved us all! Alas! Madame could not survive it. She died calling upon you, and beseeching Heaven that she might once more embrace her child. She pitied you. It was Madame De Clairant who has undone us all. But, my dear mistress, do not give way to despair. Your father will see you again—he will forgive you. And is not God merciful?"—While the good Clara wept over Elinor, Dumont was preparing his venerable father for the sight of his unhappy child. The recollection of his dishonoured family struggled for some moments in his aged breast. At length, parental love conquered. "And say you, my son," said he, "that she is truly penitent?" "Yes," answered the excellent youth, "her heart is torn with anguish. She lives but to see you, to implore your forgiveness, and to die at your feet."—"Ah! my son," said the good old man, "could I but hope that God had touched the heart of this unfortunate child!—Bad example, and her

her
hear
daug
your
last v
"at
enorm
ness.
Burg
wort
mily
my f
God
do ye
incap
with
affect
wet
man
you,
father
I sha

El
paren

her tender age, may have led her more than her heart into the paths of vice.—But where is this daughter who was once so dear to me?" "At your feet," exclaimed Elinor, who had heard these last words, and thrown herself at the side of the bed, "at your feet, my father, overwhelmed with the enormity of her guilt, and imploring your forgiveness."—"My daughter!" said Monsieur De Burgh, "my daughter!"—"Oh, I am unworthy of this name. I have dishonoured my family; I have killed my mother!—O, my father, my father! I beseech God and you to forgive me. God will not refuse to pardon me. O, my father, do you also forgive me."—Monsieur De Burgh, incapable of utterance, beheld her for a moment, with an air of mingled pity and hesitation, and then affectionately held out his hand. She kissed it, and wet it with her tears. At length, the good old man exclaims, "My daughter, may God forgive you, as I do!" Elinor could only utter, "O, my father, you do not then reject me! You forgive me. I shall yet die with the name of your daughter!"

Elinor never quitted the bed-side of this excellent parent, who would often weep with his repentant child,

child, and fold her in his arms. The moment of his dissolution at length approaches. "My dear children," said he, "forget not that you are Christians; look up to Heaven; there you will meet with unfading joys, that will recompence you for all the disappointments and vain illusions of life.—Death is nothing in itself: it is our future destiny only that should engage our attention. I commit mine into the hands of my God. He enables me to die content, since I have found my dear daughter, who sincerely deplores her errors. You see, my Elinor, that the gayest visions of the world cannot be compared to the sweets of a good conscience, and the solid enjoyment of self-approbation. O, my God," continued the dying man, "my best benefactor, finish thy work! Withdraw not from her, I beseech thee, thy powerful and consoling grace. O, protect my children, and let them find a father and a refuge in thee!"—Never did the Christian more forcibly display the dignity of man. A sweet serenity in his face, bespoke all calm within.—Blessing his son and daughter, and recommending the faithful Clara to their protection, he expired in their arms, as if falling into a gentle sleep.—How different from the dreadful exit of the wretched

D₂

De Sauval!——Dumont and Clara experienced all the emotions of grief. The anguish of Elinor was unspeakable. She threw herself on the corpse. “My father,” she exclaimed, “it is your wretched daughter that has hastened your dissolution! This crime was yet wanting to complete my guilt.—No,” said she to her brother, who would have forced her from this situation, “you shall never separate me from the best of fathers. The grave is now my only refuge. O, my brother! do not take me from the consolation of dying with my father.”

The last duties being rendered to Monsieur De Burgh, Elinor from that moment devoted herself to a convent. She chose that rigid order in which the sisters sleep every night upon their bier. To this convent Clara accompanied her, in the character of a lay-sister. Here they became examples of the most fervent piety. The virtuous Dumont often visited his sister. She assured him that she dated the commencement of her happiness from the moment that she entered the cloister. “O, my brother!” would she say, “how wretched were the joys that once fascinated my soul, compared to
the

the pure serenity I find in the contemplation of God! Here I meditate on the mercies of that gracious Being who has deigned to recall me to himself. Once I thought that Madame de la Valiere, retired from an enchanting court, forgotten by the most powerful monarch, and practising the extreme austerities of penitence, was the most wretched of women. Ah! my brother, how I deceived myself! Sister Louisa* was supremely happy. Can the smiles of kings be compared to the favour of God? When I was encircled by the gaieties of the world, an inward uneasiness embittered my happiest moments; and my conscience continually whispered to me that I was guilty and wretched. Here I begin and finish the day with the sweet impressions of that felicity which is undoubtedly a foretaste of what will be unmingled and undecaying. Far different from that Elinor who dreaded solitude as insupportable, I long for the delightful moments when I can enter into myself. My thoughts are raised to the

* Sister Louisa was the name which the Duchesse de la Valiere, mistress of Louis XIV., assumed, on quitting the world, and entering into a convent of Carmelites.—When this lady, so celebrated for her penitence, was informed of the death of one of her sons by the King, she exclaimed, “It is his birth, and not his death, that ought to grieve me.”

sublime

sublime and affecting views of immortality. I throw myself on the Divine goodness, humbly trusting that my sorrow, my tears, and my unfeigned love of the best of Beings, will yet expiate my guilt. May I die in this humble hope! I am impatient to rejoin my father. God, I know, will reward his virtues and his suffering with the gracious pardon of her whom, dying, he forgave."—Such were the new life and the heavenly conversions of Elinor.

One day, a person came to the convent, and desired to speak to her. She was inquisitive to know who this person was; but the stranger had refused to mention his name, or the reason of his visit. She hesitated at first whether he should be admitted. A sudden impulse determined her.—“Perhaps,” said she, “it is some unfortunate person who has need of consolation. If I cannot render him quite happy, I may wipe away a few tears at least, and make him feel the joys of our holy religion.”

When the stranger was admitted, what a pale, emaciated, dejected form did she behold!—It was
the

the Marquis De Germeuil, the wretch who had triumphed in innumerable seductions! "What!" exclaimed Elinor, starting back with horror, "is your perfidy to pursue me into this sacred retreat?" "I come," answered the Marquis, "to implore your pardon for my baseness to you. In me you behold the vile author of your misfortunes. I employed every guilty art to accomplish my views. Your example has taught me, what happy realities are religion and heaven. I tremble at my danger; and I hasten to some religious retreat, where I may incessantly deplore my guilty life. I will give my whole fortune to my relations; but I could not think of bidding an eternal adieu to the world, without first seeing you, to tell you that my conversion is your works." "O God," said Elinor, lifting up her eyes to Heaven, "thou crownest me with thy loving kindness! With what joy, Sir," added she, addressing herself to the Marquis, "do I perceive you penetrated by these sentiments! But if you will be advised by me, dare to remain still in the world, that you may be an example of eminent piety, and active goodness. You, Sir, are known, and have an ample fortune. I was an unfortunate woman, without a name that could
invite

invit
retir
an o
of gi
Sir,
being
are i
happ
you
the u
sity-
from
spirit
cenc
Fath
tritic
give.

T
embr
lived
A fa
with
peace

invite respect. I had no other alternative, than to retire from the world; but it is your duty to be an object of instruction to all around. You talk of giving up your fortune to your relations. Ah! Sir, do not put so low a value on the happiness of being able to relieve the wretched! Your family are in affluent circumstances. Relieve those unhappy persons, who may lay their distresses before you; the orphans, who demand a father in you; the unfortunate young women whom cruel necessity—” Here Elinor stopped, unable to refrain from tears. “Go,” she resumed, “and learn the spirit of pure and undefiled religion. Let beneficence be added to prayer; and be assured that the Father of Mercies will not fail to regard that contrition, of which this is the best evidence you can give.”

The Marquis was in a kind of ecstasy. He embraced the life which Elinor recommended; and lived some years a sublime example of every virtue. A fatal disease at length attacked him, and he died with all the piety of a Christian who has made his peace with God, not by a few transient resolutions,

but by a continued series of active virtues. Before he expired, he wrote a letter to Elinor, which she had ever after before her eyes. Never was religion expressed with such fervor, or with such energy.

Elinor persevered in this course of piety five-and-twenty years, so much the more admirable in her, as with whatever sincerity this worthy Nun regarded herself, she treated all others with indulgent mildness. This is the character of true devotion. False piety, on the contrary, is distinguished by insupportable ferocity, devoid of all tenderness towards the frailty of others. A stranger to that spiritual pride which would render virtue itself unlovely, Elinor practised all the humility that her outward demeanor announced; and at the end of many years of exemplary penitence, she still recollected her errors, and deeply deplored them.

The awful moment at length arrived, when every thing disappears from mortal vision. Clara performed the last offices to her dying mistress, now her sister, her friend, and soon to be her fellow-

fellow-
water
exit
which
which
She
Her
follow
equal
offer
to d

fellow-angel. The nuns, all dissolved in tears, watch her expiring looks, her words, her happy exit ! Elinor alone displayed that magnanimity which springs from a more sublime religion, and which the wisdom of the world can never give. She expired in the arms of the faithful Clara !— Her brother was inconsolable, and Clara soon followed her mistress to the grave. Her end was equally edifying. Devoid alike of weakness and ostentation, she died as every true Christian ought to die.

»» FINIS. ««



LATELY WERE PUBLISHED,
Price One Shilling each,
(Handsomely printed on wove Paper, and embellished
with elegant Engravings).

EDWARD AND ELLEN.
AN ORIGINAL TALE.
To which is added,
THE UNFORTUNATE FATHER;
OR,
HISTORY
OF
MR. CRAWFORD.

THE
PYRENEAN HERMITS.

Translated from the Spanish.

ADVENTURES
OF
JEMIMA RUSSELL,
AN ORPHAN.

A true and pathetic History.

MEMOIRS
OF
CAPTAIN SHELBURNE.
SECOND EDITION.

To which is added,
Henry and Charlotte; or, The Fatal Shipwreck.



